

The history

As wedged with a sigh would rine in twaine,
Least *Hector* or my father should perceiue mee:
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a scone)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile,
But sorrow that is coucht in seeming gladnesse,
Is like that mirth fate turnes to suddaine sadnesse.

Pan. And her haire were not some-what darker then *Hellen*;
well go to, there were no more comparison betweene
the women! but for my part she is my kinswoman, I would
not as they tearme it praise her, but I would som-body had
heard her talke yester-day as I did, I will not dispraise your
sister *Cassandras* wit, but-----

Troy. Oh *Pandarus* I tell thee *Pandarus*,
When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drown'd
Reply not in how many fadomes deepe,
They lie indrench'd, I tell thee I am madde:
In *Cressids* loue & thou answerst she is faire,
Powrest in the open vicer of my heart:
Her eyes, her haire her cheeke, her gate, her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse: O that her hand
In whose comparison all whites are ynke
Writing their owne reproch; to whose soft seisure,
The cignets downe is harsh, and spirit of sence:
Hard as the palme of plow-man; this thou telst me,
As true thou telst me, when I say I loue her,
But saying thus in steed of oyle and balme,
Thou layst in euery gash that loue hath giuen mee
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou dost not speake so much.

Pan. Faith Ile not meddle in it, let her bee as shee is, if she
bee faire tis the better for her, and shee bee not, she has the
mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus*. how now *Pandarus*?

Pan. I haue had my labour for my trauell, ill thought on
of her, and ill thought of you, gon betweene and betweene,
but small thanks for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan.

of *Troilus* and *Cressida*

Pan. Because shee's kin to me
as *Hellen*, and shee were kin to me
day as *Hellen*, is on Sunday, but
were a blackeamore, tis all one.

Troy. Say I shee is not faire?

Pan. I do not care whether you
stay behinde her father let her to
her the next time I see her for me
no more it matter.

Troy. *Pandarus*. *Pan.* No.

Troy. Sweete *Pandarus*.

Pan. Pray you speake no more
found it and there an end.

Sound al

Troy. Peace you vngracious ci
Foolles on both sides, *Hellen* must
When with your bloud you day
I cannot fight vpon this argumen
It is too staru'd a subiect for my f
But *Pandarus*: O gods! how do
I cannot come to *Cressid* but by I
And he's as teachy to be wood to
As shee is stubborne, chaste, again
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes*
What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and
Her bed is *India* there she lies, a
Betweene our *Ilium*, and where
Let it be cald the wild and wand
Our telfe the Marchant, and this
Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy a

Alarum Enter

Ene. How now prince *Troilus*?

Troy. Because not there; this w
For woman it is to be from the
What newes *Eneas* from the fie

Ene. That *Paris* is returned h

Troy. By whom *Eneas*?

Ene. *Troilus* by *Menelaus*.

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